(No. XV.)

THE PASTIME.

Schenectady, Saturday, July 11, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

[The following is introductory to a series of letters, written by an English gentleman to a friend, now in this country; describing a tour through Greece, and the Ionian Islands. They are derived from a source which leaves no doubt of their authenticity; and we lay them before our readers as containing hints, relative to the present state of a country, now but little known, and which will not be found uninteresting.]

DEAR R——, *Palarmo*, ——, 1802.

By way of preamble to these memoranda, which you so importunately desire, let me acquaint you with some of the discouragements I have encountered; and I venture to predict, that you will not wonder why my journal is not more interesting.

A tour in the Peloppennesus is attended not only with fatigue, and inconvenience; but the only mode of conveyance being on horseback, the traveller is perpetually exposed to the scorching heat of the sun, which frequently generates very serious fevers. In two or three instances of late years, where the enthusiasm of English travellers has led them to explore the hills in the neighborhood of Athens, the effects have been fatal. Add to this the very uncivilized state of the modern Greeks, who are governed with a rod of iron by the Turks: and the exactions of the Turkish Pacha, and Governors, who, under the pretence of furnishing passports and escorts, demand four times as much as their passports and escorts are worth. Some parts of the country are, indeed, intrinsically charming; and were it in the possession of an enlightened nation, it might become the most interesting in the world. From its present inhabitants, the traveller can look for nothing but the necessary sustenance: they are remarkably illiterate, and totally ignorant of the country, excepting what little they have gleaned, occasionally, from tourists. If a man is not prepared to commune with the mouldering stones, and the spirits of their heroes and philosophers, I cannot conceive of a more compleat state of *ennui*, than an excursion over this classick ground would elicit.

The Turks have so incorporated with the natives, that perhaps it may be accounted a visionary speculation to look for any characteristicks of the ancient Greeks, in the present race. Yet it is hard to destroy an illusion calculated so much to increase the enthusiasm of the traveller. However this may be, that remarka-

ble physiognomy, that fine cantour of face, which so eminently distinguish the Grecian bust, is still to be found. There are marks, also, of a very great difference of character betwixt the modern Greeks, of the lower part of Peloppennesus, and those higher up the Gulf of Corinth, which respectively assimilate to their ancient character. The modern Laconians, in their villages, are as expert at thievery, as the Lacedemonians were. The major part of them, however, live in the mountains, are perfectly indocile, and rob with impunity whoever comes in their way. Therefore, in this district escorts are necessary. You are thus subjected to the exactions of the Turkish governors, who often demand payment for them when they are not wanted. The natives on the Atheman and Corinthian territory are much more tractable in every respect. They accompany you willingly as guides, are moderate in their charges, accommodating in their manners, and tho' very interested, may in most things be depended on. I think they must have inherited this milder spirit from their ancestors, for with such a barren territory as belonged to the ancient Athenians, it required a regularity and suavity of method, to raise their extraordinary empire. About the year 430 before Christ, the Athenians possessed 86 square leagues of barren soil, and the Lacedæmonians 250, pretty good. This was at the time when the Athenians wanted to humble Sparta, and make Athens the centre of Grecian dominion, which gave rise to the Peloppenesian war.

From Zante, or Cephalonia, travellers are furnished with letters of credit, on the Baratary's. These accommodate them with lodgings, and take their name from the Italian verb, *Baratare*, to exchange. Gold Venetian Zechins (10s. st.) and Piasters (1s6 st.) are the current coin of the country.† * * * * Adieu.

(To be continued.)

For the Pastime.

THERE IS AN INSPIRATION IN GRIEF.—When rationally excited, it induces that philosophick melancholy, which persuades the soul, and gives a peculiar cast to the intellectual powers, which is favourable to all the purposes of moral and religious sentiment. Such may be called the breathings of the SPIRIT OF GOD upon the soul of man, inspiring him with the breath of spiritual life: or, propitious breezes which waft us on our intended voyage to the fair haven of immortality. As such, it is equally our duty, and our interest to improve them.—Not by a bare passive submission to the discipline, but by the most active endeavors to profit by it.

——————" Smitten friends
" Are angels; sent on errands full of love;—
" For *us* they *languish*, and for *us* they *die*;
" And shall they *languish*, shall they *die* in *vain*?"

† Passages of a local and private nature follow in the M. S. S. They are wholly omitted.

BIOGRAPHY.

STORY OF ROSALBA,

From the French of Florian, the GALLICK GOLDSMITH.

Rosalba was born at Palermo, of a powerful and illustrious family. Fortune bestowed on her many attractions, but nature many more. During her infancy, her rising beauty, her grace, her sweetness, and her vivacity, rendered her the idol of her father. The best education, superintended by instructresses the most capable, called into action the admirable talents she had received from heaven. At the age of fourteen, she surpassed all the beauties of Sicily; she understood and recited the language of Racine, of Pope, of Cervantes, and of Gessner. She wrote poetry, but only for the eyes of her father, and a few friends he wished to see it; she chanted the songs of Leo with a voice more touching than that of the famous Faustine; and when she accompanied it with her harp, the prelates and the cardinals, who considered themselves proficients in musick, declared that the angels of heaven could not surpass Rosalba.

To all these attractions and accomplishments the young Rosalba joined a splendid fortune. She was sought after by the first Lords of Sicily. The old Count of Scanzano, wise enough to know that a brilliant marriage is not always a happy one, was not seduced by the rank or fortune of his daughter's suitor; he refused to encourage any one, but contented himself with admitting all her admirers to his house, and invited them to the concerts and balls which he frequently gave, leaving Rosalba absolute mistress of her will.

Rosalba was for a long time undecided in her choice. She was born tender, and sanguine, like all Sicilians, but she had scarcely passed her sixteenth year, and her heart had not yet declared for any one. Yet her eyes had remarked the young Duke of Castellamare. A lofty carriage, splendour, a fine figure, vivacity, an illustrious name, and the age of nineteen, gave the duke an advantage over his more learned rivals. Deprived of his parents in infancy, the liberty he possessed of enjoying too much pleasure, might excuse the extravagancies that flowed from youthful impetuosity; besides, these excesses were not known, and the count of Scanzano, who had seen him become a candidate for the hand of Rosalba, soon learned with pleasure that he was the favourite of his daughter. He spoke to her of the duke, he bestowed on him the greatest praise, and recommended to Rosalba him who was the object of her own choice.

The marriage was soon concluded. The count of Scanzano celebrated it with the utmost magnificence. The young dutchess appeared at the court of the Vice-Roy, of which she became the brightest ornament; all were in raptures with her charms; every one envied the felicity of the duke. Rosalba entered into

every pleasure, which was continually varied and repeated. Young, beautiful, rich, admired, she saw before her one uninterupted scene of bliss. The bridegroom devoted himself entirely to love; every thing around reminded them of delight, and her old father, in transports of joy, returned thanks to heaven, embraced his son-in-law, admired his daughter, and congratulated himself that he should die, without a misfortune to disturb his happiness.

Six months after the wedding, this felicity was at an end. The duke, seduced by dangerous friends, the corrupters of youth, renewed his indulgence in those pleasures he had *quitted*, not *renounced*. He left his wife to his indignant rivals. At first indeed he laboured to conceal his violations of faith and love; but soon, throwing aside all circumspection, he lavished his treasures on the detestable objects of his momentary passions, he published his follies to the world, and seemed to take a pride in the extravagance of vice.

The hapless Rosalba learned all this from those officious beings who delight to wound the feelings of a neglected wife. She loved the duke, and soon perceived the dreadful change; but, indulging her distress only in private, and concealing it entirely from observation, she endeavoured to deceive her father, and to spare the good old man a shock, that might send him to his grave. Pretending to be happy in his society, and smiling through the grief that almost suffocated her, she excused the frequent absence of the duke when the old count complained of them; she invented motives and sought for pretexts to excuse her profound solitude, and to account for her declining health. Her good father gave no credit to them, but feigned belief; he disguised his inquietude and alarms, and both, conquered by an useless delicacy, feared to tell what passed within their souls.

Rosalba had one friend who knew all her secrets. Laura was her most faithful servant. Better acquainted than her mistress with the follies of the duke, Laura had often tried to alienate, or at least diminish the passion of the dutchess, well knowing that her master's love was irrecoverably gone. She had beseeched her to live for herself, her father, and her friends. Rosalba was unable to follow this advice; the desire of love, the sweet satisfaction of blending her duty with her pleasure, the involuntary attachment a young innocent girl feels for the first object of her passion, all inflamed the soul of Rosalba, and rendered dear to her her criminal husband. She looked upon herself as the cause of her distress, she reproached herself for believing that to *be loved* it was only necessary *to love*, and with having neglected since her marriage those accomplishments which, though in her opinion insignificant, often seduced, soothed, and retained, more than the constancy itself, the affections of him they rendered proud. Rosalba took advantage of this, she made use of every secret method

of embellishing her charms, she resumed her harp and her songs, and often brought tears from her father by singing the beautiful verses of Tasso, or Armida Renaud. Her efforts all were fruitless: her sweetness, her patience, her tender cares, could not affect her inexorable lord. Lost in his shameless errours, passing his days and nights from home and from his dutchess, seeing her but seldom, and knowing her existence only from others, while she refined into perfection the accomplishments that were cultivated for him alone.

[To be concluded next week.]

Obituary.

DIED at Boston, on Thursday, the 18th of June, after a long and afflictive illness, Mrs. SARAH PAYNE, Æt. 49, consort of Mr. WILLIAM PAYNE.

Mortality, when contemplated at a distance, affects us; we view the unknown tomb not without emotion, and feel involuntary sadness when inscribing the record even of a stranger's death. Nature teaches us to sympathise with others: we catch the mourners anguish, and mingle kindred tears with the child of woe. It is, however, only when the fatal archer invades the domestic circle, and points his envenomed arrows at the bosoms of our dearest friends, that the heart feels the extent of anguish, and tastes the bitterness of funereal sorrows.

The alarm which death occasions—the deep toned agony it excites in the bosom of children when a parent is the victim, overcomes them: and they cling for a season in speechless silence to the urn which contains her ashes. But departed worth leaves even to mourning friends a solace. There is a soothing, melancholy pleasure, in recollecting the virtues of those who are now no more.

Our attempt to give the character of the deceased, might be deemed ostentatious. But surely, if the sweetest temper, the most diffusive benevolence, the tenderest sympathy—if a life spent in the exercise of those mild and endearing virtues which adorn the female character, claim the fond recollection of survivors, it were as criminal, as it would be unnatural, to withhold the tribute tear. The stranger witnessed her urbanity; the afflicted were solaced by her sympathy; but her family alone, know the extent of that meek, and unassuming goodness; which, concealed from the world, displayed itself amidst the cares, the duties, the joys, and sorrows of domestic life. These humble duties—the education of a family, the instruction of servants, acts of kindness to dependants—these lowly virtues, tho' now overlooked and disregarded, will, when the warriors triumph shall be forgotten, be exalted and honoured by the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

But merit shields not from death. She has paid the debt of nature. To her family and friends she has left the purest consolation in their sorrows, and a bright example for their imitation. Amidst the decays of a dying body, were seen the distinctive traits of a celestial mind. She appeared occupied, indeed, but not disturbed; contemplative, but not alarmed; resolute, but tranquil: and with a steady eye she looked upon death, encroaching in the languid form of disease, upon her mortal frame, which she seemed, by an anticipated act, already to have committed to the grave. Religion now occupied her thoughts, and took possession of her mind. May her children who stood listening around her bed of death, profit by her counsel, and imitate her example.

On Independence—Song.

LOCAL.

On Saturday last, the thirty-first anniversary of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE was celebrated in this city with unusual splendour. The procession, escorted by the Troop of Cavalry, Capt. Glen's Artillery, and the Light Infantry company, entered the church at ten o'clock, where the Declaration of Independence, introduced by some pertinent remarks, was read by Mr. STEPHEN LUSH; and Orations were delivered by Messrs. VAN DER HEYDEN and EMPIE.

At 12 o'clock, the troops fired the salute from the hill; and at 2, the Light Infantry company discharged another on the mound before the college.

At a splendid entertainment, provided for the citizens at Rodgers' Coffee-House, these toasts were given.

The day we celebrate—A faithful memento of unrivalled exploits, and noble atchievments.

The Federal Constitution—Not the charter of a party, nor the instrument of a faction.

The President of the United States—Spera reram meliora,

The Vice-President of the United States.

Heads of Departments—May they evince spirit and ability in counsel.

The constituted authorities of the state of New-York—The officer to grace the place, not the place to grace the officer.

The Patriotism of our country—May it wake invigorated by its *slumbers.*

The memory of Washington—His example when living, and his memory now dead; our surest and safest guide.

The memory of Hamilton—Retributive justice, slow, yet sure.

All who bled in defence of our freedom—A galaxy of worthies.

Our infant Navy—Guns in the hold,

The nations of the world—May they learn their true interest, and delight to do each other justice.

Agriculture, Commerce and *Manufactures*—Supported only by virtue and industry.

Gen. Eaton, the Hero of Dern—"What stronger breast plate than a heart untainted"

Union College—May she never disappoint the hopes she has excited.

The Orator of the Day—America delights to cherish the talents of her sons.

The American Fair—More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods endued with all their gifts.

By the President, ABRAHAM VAN EPS, Esq. *Our ancestors*—May we emulate their virtues.

By the Vice-President, ROBERT HUDSON, Esq. *Our country*—May we love it with genuine affection, and cherish and defend it, while we love.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

SONG

For the thirty-first Anniversary of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

When erst our sires their sails unfurl'd
To brave the trackless sea,
Heav'n pointed to this western world,
And bade them TO BE FREE.

They saw their homes recede afar,
The pale blue hills diverge,
And LIBERTY their GUIDING STAR,
They plough'd the swelling surge.

Sonnets.

No splendid hope their wand'rings cheer'd,
No lust of wealth beguil'd;
They left the towers that plenty rear'd
To seek the desart wild;
For climes where proud luxuriance shone,
Exchang'd the forest drear,
For *splendour*, by a tyrant's throne,
Was not like *freedom* here!

Nor heeded they the wolf that prowl'd
Around the cottage door,
Nor the more hostile herds that howl'd
The savage *war whoop* o'er.
Th' ALLWISE who pitied erst their cry,
Hither their course directing,
If danger threaten'd, hover'd nigh,
The favour'd race protecting!

When GIANT POWER, with blood stain'd crest,
Here shook his gory lance,
And dar'd the WARRIORS of the WEST
Embattled, to advance;
Our young Columbia sprang, alone,
(In GOD her only trust—)
And humbled, with a *sling* and *stone*,
This *monster*, to the dust!

Thus nobly rose this greater Rome,
This daughter of the skies;
Of LIBERTY the hallow'd home,
Whose turrets proudly rise;
Whose sails now whiten ev'ry sea,
On ev'ry wave unfurl'd,
Form'd to be happy, great, and free,
The *Eden* of the world!

Shall *we*, the sons of valiant sires,
Such glories tamely stain?
Shall these rich vales, these splendid spires,
Behold a tyrant's reign?
No! if the despot's IRON HAND,
Must here a sceptre wave,
Raz'd be those glories from the land,
And be the land OUR GRAVE!

For the Pastime.

SONNETS ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

BY CHARLES LLOYD.

DEDICATORY LINES TO THE AUTHOR'S BROTHER.

My James! to whom can I more fitly bring
These rhymes which I have written sorrowing,
Than to a brother who did once possess
With me, an equal share of kindliness
From her departed! and whose tears will swell
At these, my dirgeful melodies, that tell
How good she was!—Thou sportedst once with me,
And at the welcome didst thou hast to share
Her pious greetings, and her simple fare.
When manhood's maze, trac'd by wild footed hope,
Seem'd all inviting to our upward slope,
How did she often turn her moisten'd eye,
That but for us were fix'd beyond the sky;
And ah! how feelingly would she express
The aid which virtue brings to happiness.
And when she droop'd, we both, my James, did bend
O'er a lost parent, confessor, and friend!
My brother! I have sought that he who gave
And took our friend, her virtues may engrave
Deep in our bosoms; as we journey on
Cheerily sometimes:—oft'ner woe begone:
Still we think on her with holiest sighs,
And "struggle to believe," from yonder skies
Her children she regards; and when we fare
Hardly on this bleak road, our mutual prayer
Shall rise, that we in heav'n may re-possess
Our earliest guide to heav'nly happiness.

Sonnets—To Readers and Correspondents.

SONNET I.

My pleasant Home! where erst, when sad and faint
I sought maternal friendship's sheltering arms;
My pleasant Home! where is the rev'renc'd saint
Whose presence gave thee thy peculiar charms?

Ah me! when slow th' accustom'd doors unfold,
No more her looks, affectionate and mild,
Beam on my burthen'd heart! O still and cold
The cherish'd spot where welcome sat and smil'd!

My spirit pines, not nursing fancied ill;
Tis not the fev'rish and romantic tie,
Which now I weep dissever'd; not a form,
That woke brief passion's desultory thrill:
I mourn the partner of my infancy!
The dear protectress from life's morning storm!

SONNET II.

Ah I have told thee ev'ry secret care,
And crept to thee when pale with sickliness!
Thou didst provide my morrow's simple fare,
And with meek love my elfin wrongs redress.
My blessed mother! when I sit alone,
Fain wonld I list thy footsteps! but my call
Thou dost not hear; nor mark the tears that fall
From my dim eyes! No, thou art dead and gone!
How can I think that thou didst mildly spread
Thy feeble arm, and clasp'd me o'er and o'er
Ere infant gratitude one tear could shed!
How think of thee, to whom its little store
My bosom owes, nor tempted by despair,
Mix envy anguish with imperfect pray'r!

[To be concluded next week.]

To READERS and CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a copy of Mr. Empie's Oration on the Fourth of July If we should not find room for the whole, we shall gratify our readers with the perusal of some part of it.

A respected literary friend, writing to the Editor, makes these remarks:

"It is much to be lamented, that we have very little encouragement to differ so strangely from our countrymen as we must to wield the literary gauntlet with freedom and effect. If we rise up with such intentions in America, readers will invariably inquire, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" We are told our climate will ever remain a physical objection to our becoming literary men; that our soil is costive; and our country young; and this last objection will probably continue a thousand years from the *present* hour; or, as philosophers inform us, *there is no present time; it is therefore clear that we shall never become literary men.*"

BETA shall be attended to.

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